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Title: Orc Weekly Digest

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I was once considered  
"civilized" by my  
human peers. But,  
what exactly does it  
mean to be civilied?  
Are the orcs, whom  
live for themselves,  
more civilized than  
the humans, whom bow  
before written words  
and laws? I was  
once the Sage of  
Justice. I was once  
blind, too. For years,  
I was tucked away in  
a tiny hamlet called  
Yew. In that small  
village, I felt that I  
made a difference in  
the world at large.  
But, in truth, I knew  
little of what lied  
beyond Yew's  
boundaries. I daresay  
that there were  
Virtuous human  
beings that walked  
Sosaria long ago, but  
none now live that  
remember... I have oft  
sat up, late at night,  
and wondered of  
humanity's fate. It  
makes me shudder  
when I do. I can  
smell it in the air. I  
can taste it in the  
back of my throat. I  
feel suppression  
squeezing me and  
provoking me. I have  
long prayed for the  
Great Awakening, but  
nary a human has  
awakened. I now  
know that they will  
never stop the  
suppression of the

Orcish Nation, my  
people. They will  
never, ever stop  
holding hatred, or  
speaking lies, or being  
cowards before the  
Orcish Nation. And  
so, it has come to  
pass that humanity  
has spoken as if  
Virtue is an  
institution or an  
invention. But, in  
reality, the Virtues  
are more like faith.  
The Virtues existed  
eons before the dawn  
of man in Sosaria.  
The Virtue system is  
not a mere collection  
of human words, and  
human phrases, and  
human descriptions.  
The Virtue system  
is, in actuality, the  
inborne qualities of  
every great and small  
being that has dwelt  
and will dwell upon  
Britannia. Humanity  
has given Britannia a  
racist mentality,  
though. There are  
those who would have  
you believe that if it  
is not human, then it  
is not righteous. For,  
you see, the roots of  
hatred are buried too  
deeply to be simply  
torn out, and so, it is  
the same with  
humanity. One, single  
transgression betwixt  
orcs and humans in  
the distant past has  
led to a chain reaction  
of wars and extreme  
hatred. Not once have  
I ever witnessed  
humanity making an  
attempt to amend their  
relationship with the  
Orcish Nation. I  
forsee the inevitable,  
total destruction of  
either the orcs or the  
humans. And so, who

will win the Last  
Battle of Orc and  
Man? I do not  
foretell events, but the  
fate of man is clear  
and bright before me.  
Man has no Honesty.

They will swear  
away their fealty but  
quickly change their  
loyalties during times  
of peril. Man has no  
Honor. They will  
readily recruit the aid  
of mercenaries and  
give them entrance  
into their "lawful"  
territories. Man has  
no Spirituality.

They will fall to  
their quaking knees  
before the preaching  
of surreal ideas or  
the coronation of  
mortal Kings. Man  
has no Valor. They  
will sit upon their  
steeds and trample  
orcs into the ground,  
and they will talk  
heady words from  
behind thick, heavy  
platemail. Man has  
no Compassion. They  
will readily refuse to  
understand the roots  
of hatred betwixt orc  
and man, and they  
will quickly become  
ignorant of the past  
when it is plainly  
presented before them.

Man no Sacrifice.

They will run from  
the field of battle  
upon the sight of a  
losing army. Man  
has no Humility.

They will place  
countless, prideful  
houses and bulwarks  
upon the lands of  
Britannia and offer  
less than a clearing  
of grass for the  
whole of the Orcish  
Nation. But worst of  
all, man has no sense

of Justice. They will  
readily refuse to  
recognize the existence  
of the Orcish Nation,  
and they will attack  
our lands and study  
ancient heirlooms  
without respect or  
heed to claims or  
heritage. Humanity  
has been foolish for  
far too many years,  
and there is no longer  
a way to amend the  
indifferences of orcs  
and of men. The  
wars will continue,  
and man will fall into  
ultimate destruction.  
Yew ignored the orcs,  
and for that, they lost  
Yew. In place of a  
Mayor of Yew,  
humanity's folly has  
set up a dire  
Chieftain of Yew.  
Yew will continue to  
underestimate the  
existence of the  
Orcish Nation, and  
the Empath Abbey will  
soon be attacked once  
again for the first  
time since the coming  
of Keeonean the  
Great. War-borne  
vessels will soon land  
upon Verity Isle and  
burn Moonglow to the  
ground upon my order.  
The Regency will  
slowly crumble as  
literal swarms of orcs  
trample their Regent,  
Dayel Stormcrow, into  
the ground. And last  
of all, I will have  
ultimate revenge  
against Auren  
Therion, whom utterly  
ruined me. Soon, the  
people of Britain will  
crawl before an empty  
throne and cry out for  
the Stranger, but he  
will never come.  
People of Britannia,  
now is the time.

Now is the time for  
thee to quiver upon  
these words: the  
beasts are at the  
gates, and they come  
for thee. I am the  
Chieftain of Yew,  
William Smit the  
Fourth. Remember  
my name, for it will  
be printed upon the  
gruesome standards of  
the burning humie  
cities for all time.  
Praise be to the  
Blud'God. May he  
loom over thy path  
always.